

Sunday Morning

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/8112940) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/8112940>.

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Language:

[English](#)

Series:

Part 1 of [First and Last: The Prequels](#)

Stats:

Published: 2016-09-22 Words: 13,496 Chapters: 1/1

Sunday Morning

by [rosiex](#)

Summary

In which an inexperienced Jeongguk accidentally discovers that three of his best friends have their own way of having fun together on a Sunday morning. And he's definitely not intrigued by it. No way.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

It's 8:15 when Jeongguk wakes up. Eight fucking fifteen. He grins sleepily, stretching out his arms and pointing his toes. It says something about the hectic life of an idol that having a lie in until 8:15 is a real treat. He rolls over onto his side and sees that Namjoon's bed is already empty, their leader by now likely already at the studio to make the most of his spare time. It's the last thing on Jeongguk's mind however and he burrows down into the covers even more. He hears the distant slam of the door as someone else leaves the house.

Jeongguk looks at his phone once again, double checking the email that said his vocal lesson was cancelled this morning due to his instructor coming down sick. He hopes she's okay, genuinely he does, but he is so glad of the break. He rereads and satisfies himself that it's still the case before catching up on some social media. He can hear the rain pouring down outside even though the windows are closed and the room is still fairly dark from the winter morning. It makes everything feel much cosier and he revels in it. Ah, this is the life. He checks a couple of sites before realising that, actually, he's not sure what to do with himself on his own. He slowly gets up, adjusting his shirt and pajama bottoms and running a hand through his hair before wandering towards Taehyung and Jimin's room. He knows that Hoseok is out of the house today but at least the other two might be up for hanging out.

He stands outside their room but there doesn't sound like much is happening inside. Figuring that they must be asleep still Jeongguk breaks into a mischievous smile, already planning on the best way to jump on them to wake them up. He knows that they wouldn't hesitate to do the same to him. He pushes open the door as quietly as possible before tiptoeing inside.

Well, Taehyung's asleep, yep, he's definitely asleep, but that's really not what makes Jeongguk stop dead in his tracks. Nope, what makes him do that is the fact that it is Yoongi laying on Jimin's bed rather than it's usual occupant. Oh yeah, and the fact that Jimin himself is settled between Yoongi's thighs with his mouth most definitely wrapped around Yoongi's cock. Jeongguk's eyes go wide and he's sure if either of them had noticed him enter the room they would have thought him the perfect enactment of the deer in headlights look.

As it happens neither of them seem at all aware of his presence. Yoongi's eyes are closed, small gasps falling from his lips as his hand tangles in the pale strands of Jimin's hair and Jimin, well, he's

currently preoccupied, head bobbing up and down easily along Yoongi's length. Jeongguk feels like his immediate reaction should have been to shout something along the lines of 'what the actual fuck are you doing?' or try to prise them apart or something because seriously, what the fuck is going on here. He doesn't though, just stands there rooted to the spot, gaping wordlessly. He really needs to leave. He really, definitely, should leave but- well, somehow he just can't tear his eyes away. He watches as Jimin pulls back, looking up to catch Yoongi's gaze, watches as they share an indulgent grin and as Yoongi's eyes flicker over to the door and-

Oh shit.

"Kook?"

Yoongi's voice is a little raspy as he exclaims upon noticing the maknae's presence. Raspy from the effects of the blowjob Jeongguk's sure and oh god, what has he stumbled in on. Why didn't he just stay in bed? At Yoongi's exclamation Jimin's head swivels round, mouth open in surprise, his lips glistening from what he's just been doing. Jeongguk really needs to leave.

"I, um, I'll just-" is all that he manages to stutter out before swivelling round and doing the incredibly mature thing of running, actually running, away. He just manages to hear Yoongi's admonishment of "I thought you said he was at vocal practice!" before he's hurtling down the stairs and into the empty kitchen.

Oh god. *Oh god.* He can't believe it; his two friends are together? How has he missed this? He feels clueless and embarrassed, heat searing his cheeks as the scene replays on a loop in his mind.

He starts getting pots and pans out of the cupboard, not really sure what he's doing, just kind of hoping that the commotion will somehow drown out the remembered sounds of Yoongi's gasps, or erase the images of the two of them from his memory. It hits him that Taehyung was sleeping in the room too and that somehow makes the whole thing worse, like they didn't even care if he caught them.

Amongst the clatter of utensils he hears footsteps padding into the kitchen and Jimin's soft voice speaking.

"Kookie?"

"I think I'm gonna make pancakes," Jeongguk says loudly, desperately trying to minimise the quiver in his voice. "Do you want some

pancakes?"

He hears Jimin sigh. "No, I don't want pancakes."

"Oh well, more for me then!" Jeongguk replies brightly. If they just pretend like it never happened then perhaps they can all get past this; perhaps things won't be insanely awkward between them all. God, he can't stand the thought of it. Jimin doesn't seem willing to let it drop though.

"Why don't you put the pan down?" he suggests gently. Jeongguk doesn't put down the pan but he stills his movements nonetheless. Jimin's hand lands on his shoulder and Jeongguk jumps at the touch. Jimin sighs again. "Look, I'm really sorry you saw that. I honestly thought you were out the house."

Jeongguk tenses and turns to face him. Jimin looks very sheepish.

"That's not the point," he replies, because really, it's not. "You were sucking Yoongi's dick for gods sake! What the fuck?"

Jeongguk's not quite sure what he's feeling. Betrayed by Jimin for not confiding something like this to him, embarrassment for his naivety that he didn't sense this massive thing happening under his nose, as it seemed pretty apparent that this wasn't their first time. Shit, he didn't even know that either of them were into guys. Anger at their carelessness; at him having to walk in on them, on Taehyung sleeping only inches away; at what it could mean for the group, for their friendships. Jimin grimaces at Jeongguk's tone.

"I- I'm sorry you had to see it," he repeats. "We just do, you know, stuff sometimes."

The implication of the word 'stuff' sets a whole new world of images springing forth in Jeongguk's mind and he tries his best to suppress them.

"I just- I dunno," Jeongguk says, as he's actually not really sure what he wants to express. He searches for a sentence. "I just didn't even know you guys were, like, gay," is what he eventually says.

Jimin seems to contemplate this a moment before shrugging noncommittally. "Well I'm not saying we are or we aren't. Sometimes you just do things with certain people because, well it's fun." It strikes Jeongguk almost as a very Taehyung statement and it prompts him onto his next point.

"Fine if you and Yoongi are together-"

"We're not together," Jimin interrupts with a small chuckle. Jeongguk blinks a few times, not entirely sure if that makes what they're doing better or worse, before getting back on track.

"Whatever. But I mean, doing *that* right next to Tae while he's sleeping is a bit much."

Jimin's chuckle turns into a proper laugh at his words. "Yeah, I think Tae would be fine with it actually."

Jeongguk gapes at the audacity before something clicks. Does Taehyung already know? Even so, it's still quite improper to do that in front of him. Jimin clearly notices Jeongguk's confusion and elaborates further.

"I mean Tae is sort of..." He trails off, scratching awkwardly at the back of his neck. "The three of us kind of have like, a thing."

Jeongguk just stares at him. "A thing?" he repeats blankly.

"Yeah, we have, well- fun. Together." An almost glazed expression passes over him, the tiniest trace of a smirk edging at his lips. "A lot of fun." Oh god, Jeongguk really does not need to be hearing this. He stares in disbelief at the older man. The images in his mind suddenly take on a whole new dimension. He needs to refocus.

"So these pancakes-"

"Oh Christ, forget the fucking pancakes will you," Jimin snaps. "Come on."

He grabs Jeongguk by the forearm and starts leading him out of the kitchen.

"Wha-"

"We're going to talk this over," Jimin says, answering Jeongguk's unfinished question. The younger blanches. He really doesn't need to hear any further detail on this thank you very much. "You're clearly all weirded out. Let's all discuss this like *adults* so things aren't awkward."

Jeongguk knows that he's stressed the word adult in that sentence, knowing that it will rile him up and make him comply so as not to live up to his image as the baby of the group. He huffs and allows himself

to be dragged into their bedroom.

When they enter Taehyung's sitting cross legged next to Yoongi on Jimin's bed and Jeongguk feels a blush on his cheeks at seeing his hyungs in this new light, a previously innocent seating arrangement suddenly seeming full of sexual undertones. They break off their hushed conversation at their arrival and Jeongguk's sure that Yoongi must have been filling him in on the incident. Taehyung's still in his pajamas, hair mussed from sleep and eyes still bleary. He's glad to see that Yoongi's at least put on some underwear.

"Morning." Taehyung smiles sleepily at him but totally casual, as though this isn't the weirdest fucking morning of Jeongguk's life.

"Hey," he mumbles in reply and he must be the colour of goddamn beetroot now.

"So Jeongguk's all freaked out and I thought it was best if we all talked to get rid of any awkwardness," Jimin explains. It irks Jeongguk somewhat how he says it - as though being freaked out by his friends having some sort of three way sex thing isn't an entirely legitimate reaction.

"No, no, it's fine, seriously," Jeongguk protests. "You guys just, you know do what you do, it's just like, whatever." He shrugs, trying to affect an air of nonchalance but no one seems to be buying it. After a silence that seems to last an eternity Yoongi finally speaks.

"Okay. Fine," he says, trying to placate Jeongguk by pretending to accept his assurances. "But if you have any questions or want to ask anything, that's cool too."

Jeongguk isn't quite sure how to respond. Questions? This isn't an interview for some TV special. What on earth does Yoongi think he wants to ask? He obviously doesn't have any-

"How did this happen?"

The question is put out there without him realising what he's saying. He's not sure what Jimin's reaction to his question is as he's off to the side of him and Taehyung still looks like he's not entirely awake yet, but Yoongi takes it seriously. He doesn't laugh or dismiss it.

"Well, it just came about kind of naturally I guess." He shrugs.

"Taehyung was feeling rather, uh, on edge and came to me to talk about it and well- things just went from there." Despite still seeming

very sleepy a small smile creeps across Taehyung's face at the memory. It makes Jeongguk's stomach dip. Taehyung and Yoongi? His head is spinning at the thought. Taehyung seems to notice him struggling to comprehend and elaborates further.

"I mean, do you not ever feel just so-" he clenches his fists and bites down on his lip. "Frustrated sometimes? Feel that *need*?"

Jeongguk knows what he means. Of course he does. He's been in the idol life since such a young age that he remains entirely inexperienced in anything more than a few stolen kisses at school. As a nineteen year old guy he does occasionally feel like one big pent up ball of horniness that doesn't seem to dissipate no matter how many times he might jerk off in the shower or quietly under the covers when he's certain that Namjoon's working late. He doesn't say anything though and clearly Taehyung thinks he's been too ambiguous so tries again.

"You must get urges sometimes? Have certain thoughts?"

His blush deepens at the last comment. Does he know? No, he can't. No one can know that occasionally his fantasies might involve his hyungs, about what their hands or their mouths might feel like, or sometimes, contemplating what actual sex could be like. It's not his fault; he's around the other members 24/7, of course they are going to enter his dirty thoughts. It's inevitable and totally normal. Right? Right.

"I, um. Maybe sometimes," Jeongguk mumbles. God, his face must actually be on fire now, it's feeling so hot. Taehyung smiles reassuringly at him.

"Exactly. And we can't be expected to go all this time without needing to relieve those urges. So I went to Yoongi-hyung one day and he, well, took care of me."

From the way Taehyung says those words Jeongguk's pretty sure that taking care of him constituted of more than the usual hugs that he seeks out. His mind is swamped with images; of Taehyung all needy for that relief, of Yoongi taking the lead, making him feel good, fucking him-

Shit. He is not getting hard at that thought. These fucking hormones are going to be the death of him. He sees how Taehyung looks over at Yoongi as he explains, almost adoringly, and Jeongguk really needs to move the conversation on.

"But how- Jimin-" he says, which makes no sense but they seem to understand his question.

"Well I'd gone to Yoongi as well with a similar, er, problem." Jeongguk can't fail to notice the somewhat smug expression that flits over Yoongi's face at this, proud that they both chose him to go to with their sexual frustrations. "And he'd help me out now and then. One time I went to see him and Tae was already there and we, you know, just kind of rolled with it." He smiles his usual bright Jimin smile and it seems totally incongruous given what they're discussing. Jeongguk's mind boggles at how you can just casually roll with an impromptu threesome with two of your closest friends, but perhaps once you've been sleeping with one of them it's not such a big leap to two.

His mind is full of more images now, a mixture of his normal fantasies and that porn he may or may not have watched on his laptop one time, which caused a lot of confusion and also a lot of clearing of browser history. Shit, he really needs to empty his mind. His pajama bottoms are rather thin and his cock is betraying him, getting harder at the thoughts. He sees Yoongi glance down at his crotch, apparently having noticed. His eyebrows raise almost imperceptibly but he says nothing, and Jeongguk is immensely grateful.

The room falls silent. Jimin's hand squeezes Jeongguk's arm. "Sorry, Kook. I know it's a lot to take in." He sighs and offers a smile. "I hope it's not gonna make things weird between us."

Jeongguk glances between the three of them, who are all giving him the same concerned looks, though he notices that Taehyung's eyes widen a little as he also seems to spot the problem Jeongguk's having. Jimin luckily can't see from his position to the side of him.

"No, no. Not weird," Jeongguk assures him even though, yes, it is still all very fucking weird. Weird and unexpected and intriguing- wait, no. Intriguing's not the right word. No, definitely not. He shakes his head as though to clear his thoughts.

"Right. So. We're okay?" Jimin asks.

"Yes. Course." Jeongguk tries to force a natural smile but it comes out looking a bit awkward.

"Good. That's good."

The silence is back and Jeongguk really should leave now but he

seems fixed to the spot. He wills his feet to start moving but it's as though he's rooted to the ground. Taehyung's head tilts to the side as he watches Jeongguk curiously. Jeongguk feels stuck. If he leaves, what will they all start doing? Will Jimin go down on Yoongi again? What will Taehyung do - will he watch or will he join in? The heat still burns in Jeongguk's cheeks but it seems to spread slowly throughout his whole body. Jimin steps round to stand in front of him, concerned by his lack of movement.

"Are you sure you're okay?" he asks softly.

As Jimin speaks Jeongguk can't help but get flashes of scenarios, oh so many scenarios that may unfold between Jimin and the others once the door closes. Jeongguk feels a throb in his cock and it's painfully obvious now to everyone in the room that the conversation has had an effect on him. He really should go take a shower, go and just bring himself some quick relief from this, but-

But what if he wants to give into those other urges too, just like Taehyung and Jimin did? Oh god. Oh god. Can he really do that?

"Would you like to stay?" Taehyung asks gently.

He gets it. Of course he gets it. It's Taehyung; he can always read him with terrifying ease. Yoongi looks at the man next to him in surprise before a more interested expression crosses his features and he looks over at Jeongguk with a similar curiosity. Jimin folds his arms and grins as he also asks,

"Would you like that, Kook?"

Jeongguk looks between the three of them. The heat flooding his body seems to pool in his lower stomach. He could actually have it, have those touches he craves and dreams about; he could feel someone on him other than his own hand. The newness is scary but exciting too, and who better to experience it with than his hyungs, people who care for him and know him better than anyone else. Slowly, he nods.

Taehyung breaks out into a wide grin, the sleepiness now thoroughly shook off, and he jumps off the bed. He walks over to stand beside the youngest, slinging an arm around his shoulders and pressing a kiss to his ear excitedly. It's a friendly gesture, one he's done countless times before but everything seems to hold new meaning now, new promise, and Jeongguk's already feeling giddy.

"Relax, we'll take good care of you," Taehyung tells him, obviously

feeling the tension in his shoulders.

"Yeah, just do whatever you're comfortable with," Jimin adds with a smile. Jeongguk nods. "Or if there's anything you want to try, just ask."

"Do you guys kiss?" he blurts out and instantly feels stupid.

The blush floods his cheeks once again. Of all the sexual things he could have come up with he asks about the tamest of the tame. But in his fantasies there's always kissing and he really feels like he needs to build himself up to anything more. He waits for the laughter but it doesn't come.

"Yeah, we kiss," Taehyung answers, breath warm against his ear, comforting and reassuring him. "Just tell us what you'd like. Do you want to watch us kiss, or do you want to kiss one of us?"

Well, there's a question he never thought he'd hear Taehyung ask him, and he feels like it may be the first of many. The thought sends a shiver through him. The room is quiet in anticipation of his answer. He can hear the rain hammering against the window, the grey clouds still blocked out by the closed curtains. He looks down, still unable to quite believe that he's doing this. He doesn't say anything, just glances up at Yoongi, but it's enough for Jimin to catch.

"You want to kiss Yoongi-hyung?" he asks, voice intrigued and pleased.

Jeongguk nods. He's thought about all of them at one time or another, but his thoughts are often drawn back to the rapper. There's something about his confidence and control that Jeongguk finds attractive; as someone who can be quite cocky himself he likes that Yoongi would totally be the one in charge. He's feeling somewhat less cocky than usual right now though as Yoongi grins at him. He's used to always being the best at things; this is a situation where he is massively inexperienced compared to everyone else. What if he's bad at it?

"I think he would *definitely* be okay with that," Jimin continues with a smirk.

His words seem to imply a certain shared knowledge and Jeongguk flushes. Have the three of them discussed him before? Has Yoongi mentioned him? He doesn't have time to dwell as Taehyung's arm guides Jeongguk towards the bed and god, he hopes he's okay at this.

He hates this, that he can be fucking nineteen years old and so unsure of something as simple as kissing. He suddenly feels the weight of the sacrifices he's made as a teenager, of not experiencing a normal adolescence, bearing down on him and he tries to shrug it off.

Yoongi pats the bed next to him and Jeongguk clambers onto the mattress, kneeling beside him. Yoongi shifts himself so that he's kneeling too, facing the younger, and Jeongguk's suddenly very aware that Yoongi's still only in his underwear. He reaches a hand out to touch Jeongguk's shoulder, stopping and looking concerned.

"Shit, Kook, you're shaking." Yoongi looks over at the other two, clearly wondering if they've made a big mistake inviting him to join them. Jeongguk tries desperately to stop the tremble in his limbs but he fails miserably.

"I-I'm fine," he assures them. "Just a bit nervous. But honestly, I'm fine."

He really doesn't want them to stop this, to declare him too young and inexperienced to be part of it. He wants to show that he can just roll with it too. For gods sake he's a sexually charged nineteen year old; he's not a child. It's a real curse being the maknae sometimes, how people can treat him with kid gloves, but he guesses in this instance he's not really helping to shake off the image.

"Have you kissed someone before?" Yoongi asks cautiously.

"Yes!" he replies, a little too loudly.

In fairness he's not entirely sure that the few chaste kisses he shared with girls as a thirteen year old and that one time he tried to shove his tongue down his very male friend's throat as a trainee really count, but they don't need to know that. Yoongi looks at the others a little warily, but Jeongguk is adamant. He can't lose out on this now.

"Please, hyung," he pleads. "Please. I want this."

Yoongi's eyes darken at his almost begging tone and it makes Jeongguk swallow hard. Yoongi says nothing more, just lifts his hand to cup Jeongguk's jaw, thumb stroking softly over his cheek. He shifts closer, eyes flickering across Jeongguk's face before leaning in and pressing their lips together. It's a soft touch, Yoongi letting their lips linger, before pulling back just slightly and bringing them together again. Jeongguk lets him keep doing this until he presses back a bit harder and then he feels Yoongi's tongue dart out to touch to his lips.

Jeongguk opens his mouth a little and he feels Yoongi's tongue slip inside. The hand on his jaw tilts his head at a slight angle to make it easier to kiss. Yoongi's tongue touches lightly to his and Jeongguk tries to return to the touch with a similar lightness. Yoongi seems to like that and the touch becomes a bit firmer, Jeongguk copying him once again. This is entirely different from any sort of kiss he's experienced before. It feels nice, really nice, as their tongues roll slowly against each other. Jeongguk feels the hand drop from his cheek to wrap around the back of his neck, deepening the kiss, though it keeps the languid pace.

He feels like he might be doing okay at this. They kiss deeply, Jeongguk getting used to the taste of Yoongi. His confidence starts rising though he doesn't try anything different, content in getting familiar with how this works. His hands however lift to hold onto Yoongi's shoulders and he can feel, actually *feel*, the other man smile into the kiss. It's all kinds of amazing. They keep kissing for a while longer until Yoongi eventually pulls back and Jeongguk tries his hardest not to follow his lips with his own. Yoongi smiles at him and Jeongguk gives him a flustered smile back.

"What do you think?" he hears Jimin ask and it startles him. He'd almost forgotten that there were other people in the room.

He looks over to see Jimin and Taehyung standing there, watching. Taehyung's behind Jimin, his arms snaked around his chest and chin resting on his shoulder. He's got the most ridiculous grin on his face, like all his birthdays have come at once. Jimin's smirking a little though Jeongguk can tell there's something more there too. A surge of pride shoots through Jeongguk at knowing that they enjoyed watching him. He looks back at Yoongi, sees the light sheen on his lips that's come from Jeongguk kissing him, and suddenly he just wants to do it again. So he does.

There's a small noise of surprise from the older man, muffled by the press of Jeongguk's lips. He doesn't seem to mind too much though. Jeongguk's definitely not as careful as Yoongi and he probably slides his tongue into Yoongi's mouth a bit too quickly, but Yoongi kisses him back and it's not as gentle this time. Their tongues glide against each other with more intensity and Jeongguk still lets Yoongi take the lead, but kisses back eagerly. His hands move up from his shoulders to cross behind Yoongi's neck and Yoongi's hand slides up into his hair.

God, he could do this forever. Why aren't people just constantly kissing when it's this nice? He gets utterly lost in it, only refocusing

when he feels two hands at his hips from behind and a hot mouth at his neck. He gasps into the kiss and almost jumps, but Yoongi's hand in his hair holds him still.

"Relax," Yoongi murmurs into the kiss and Jeongguk tries his very best, but it's kind of impossible when he has two mouths working him like this.

He's not sure who it is behind him but he's guessing Jimin from the size of the hands. Jimin runs his lips along the curve of his neck, teeth lightly teasing his earlobe before trailing back down. Delicate fingers tug the neck of his t shirt to the side to give enough room for Jimin's mouth to work at the spot where neck meets shoulder and it feels so good. He struggles to keep kissing Yoongi with the same intensity and eventually the elder pulls back, keeping his lips just touching to Jeongguk's as Jeongguk gasps at the feelings from Jimin's mouth. He can feel Jimin pressing against his back and oh shit, he can feel a slight hardness against him too. This is all completely surreal.

When Jimin's mouth finally stops Yoongi pulls back too. He shoots Jeongguk a grin before fixing his eyes on the man behind him. He feels Jimin push more against him as he leans over his shoulder and captures Yoongi's mouth in a kiss. Fuck, they're so close to him as they kiss and it's easy and a little obscene how they do so. He can feel that hardness pressed more against him and he's feeling like the inexperienced one again after the high of that kiss.

"Kook?"

He looks over to the other bed to see Taehyung sitting there, legs dangling off the edge, watching the scene in front of him. He flicks his head to beckon Jeongguk over and he removes himself from between the kissing pair to sit with Taehyung. He instantly feels a bit calmer, the effect that Taehyung can have on him when he needs it most. He shifts back a little and opens his legs to let Jeongguk sit between them, Jeongguk's back pressed to Taehyung's chest. Arms come to wrap around him from behind and he sinks into the moment of familiarity in this completely new situation.

"You enjoying yourself?" he asks, always one to make sure that the younger is at ease. Jeongguk nods. He is, despite the craziness of it all. He feels like he's had his proper first kiss and it was pretty damn great.

"Yeah. It's nice."

Nice isn't what he wants to say at all as it in no way conveys just how amazing this is but Taehyung doesn't say anything, just laughs softly and presses a kiss behind Jeongguk's ear.

"I'm glad you've joined us this morning." His words send a different kind of warmth through Jeongguk and he sighs softly as Taehyung nuzzles the spot where Jimin's mouth has just been focused. "I think you've certainly made Yoongi's day."

"How?" Jeongguk knows that they just shared the most incredible kiss of his life, two of them actually, but he's pretty sure Yoongi's experience means he's had plenty of similar kisses.

"Oh, he's just got a bit of a thing for you," Taehyung says casually, his own tongue licking gently at the spot that Jimin has left a small mark on. He wonders if it should feel weirder; Taehyung is one of his closest friends after all and this is crossing a massive boundary, but he doesn't. It feels good.

"A thing for me?" Jeongguk repeats.

"Yeah, he's mentioned before that he thinks you're cute."

The confession causes a twist in Jeongguk's stomach, but he huffs all the same. "Cute? I was hoping people had dropped the cute thing already."

Taehyung chuckles lowly and nips at the tender spot of skin, making Jeongguk exhale sharply. "Fine. You're hot, Kookie. Really fucking hot. Better?"

His compliment sends a pleasurable jolt through Jeongguk but he doesn't have a chance to respond before Taehyung's bringing their lips together and they're kissing. Jeongguk's mind is spinning. Taehyung kisses differently to Yoongi - not better or worse, just... different. Jeongguk kind of loves that he can now tell differences between kisses.

Whereas Yoongi was quite intense and focused, Taehyung kisses him with teasing licks and glides his tongue playfully against Jeongguk's. The angle is a bit more awkward this time with him having to twist his neck back but Taehyung moves him to settle against his chest more and it makes it a little easier. Taehyung switches up the pace, pulling back now and again to suck on his lower lip.

One of his hands drops to Jeongguk's abdomen, running lightly

against the muscle there. On instinct Jeongguk's hips roll up into thin air, his cock trying to get that touch but failing. Taehyung chuckles again, this time into the kiss but doesn't drop his hand. Instead he rolls his own hips, letting Jeongguk feel the hard outline of his cock against the small of his back, hampered only by the thin cotton of both their pajamas. The feel of it makes Jeongguk break the kiss, his eyes opening to catch Taehyung's mischievous grin. He doesn't lean back in for another kiss as Taehyung's nose nudges against his cheek, tilting his head so that he's facing the other bed. Jeongguk's breath catches in his throat.

Yoongi's shifted up the bed more, half leaning back against the headboard. He's naked again and Jimin seems to have also lost his shirt in the time that Jeongguk's been distracted by Taehyung. Jeongguk's gaze is immediately drawn down to Yoongi's crotch. To the hard cock that Jimin is sliding between his lips with apparent ease, his tongue darting out, pink against the darker skin. He's moving his mouth with small motions and from the way Yoongi's writhing beneath him he clearly wants more. Jimin continues the same way though, until Yoongi's hand finds it's way to his hair and Jeongguk can see the very minute movement that encourages the younger to take him in fully. Jimin grins up at Yoongi before slowly wrapping his lips around him and sinking all the way down. Yoongi lets out a low groan at the feeling, his head tipping back as it courses through him. The sound sends a pulse through Jeongguk's lower body, never having heard something so erotic in real life before.

"They look so good, don't they?" Taehyung whispers against his neck.

One hand is still on his abdomen while the other drops to Jeongguk's thigh, rubbing along with the same rhythm. Jeongguk nods. They do; fuck, they really do. Jimin's mouth works expertly on Yoongi's cock, the way it disappears between his lips a sight Jeongguk's not going to forget in a hurry. And Yoongi's reactions are seared on his brain too. The way his head falls back when Jimin does something he particularly likes, the way the rest of the time he watches the younger man so intensely, hands carding through the faded hair, guiding but not pushing. It's like watching porn but a million times hotter. He feels Taehyung press closer and it's not quite so shocking when he feels the hardness against him this time. His own cock is absolutely aching to be touched but he keeps his hands still.

"Yoongi-hyung *loves* having his cock sucked," Taehyung tells him, breath hot against his jaw. "And Jiminie's so, so good at it."

"Yeah?" Jeongguk says shakily, because he feels like he should say something in response to all of Taehyung's talking. Admittedly it's not the most eloquent of sentences but it's something.

"Yeah," Taehyung repeats. "You'll see."

Jeongguk's mind races ahead to the promise in those words. Will Jimin do that to him too? He pictures Jimin between his legs, taking every inch of his cock into his talented mouth, and a tiny whimper escapes him. He feels like he could come just from the thought. He tries to focus on something else but the only thing to focus on is watching him sink his mouth down onto Yoongi's cock and Taehyung's lips that are mouthing the spot just beneath his ear, and neither are exactly helping to calm him down. And all thoughts of remaining calm are entirely shot to pieces when Taehyung's hand drops to press against his crotch.

"Shit, Tae," Jeongguk gasps at the touch.

He can feel the heat of his hand even through the material and he immediately presses up into it, utterly consumed by the need to be touched. He feels teeth scrape against the sensitive spot under his ear. He tries to steady his breathing but it's useless because suddenly Taehyung's hand is sliding under the waistband of his pajamas and taking hold of his cock. Oh fuck, *fuck*. It feels amazing. He's never been touched by anyone else before and just feeling a new grip is enough, but when Taehyung starts to move his hand it's fucking heavenly. He chokes out a sort of strangled moan, a little embarrassed before he realises that Jimin and Yoongi are focused on each other and that, actually, it receives a small moan back from Taehyung in response. His legs fall open a little wider, sinking into the sensation.

"Feels so much better when it's someone else, doesn't it?" Taehyung murmurs, his uncanny ability to sense Jeongguk's thoughts coming into play again.

He's exactly right. Even some of the most intense times that he's jerked off haven't felt close to as good as Taehyung's hand does. Jeongguk nods, too focused on enjoying the pleasure radiating through him to be able to form actual words. He leans back even more against Taehyung, letting the feeling envelop him as Taehyung touches him with slow, smooth strokes. His eyes focus back on the other pair, who now appear to be kissing deeply, Yoongi's hands running across Jimin's back.

On the next upward stroke of his hand Taehyung twists his wrist ever so slightly, thumb swiping over the tip, and another small moan escapes his lips. This time it does get the attention of the other pair, who break their kiss to look over at him. He's used to being the centre of attention but this feels very different, the way they look over at him with expressions of thinly veiled lust.

"Fuck, you look good," Jimin tells him and the way his voice draws out the words makes it clear that he thinks Jeongguk looks far from cute.

He sees Yoongi's mouth hover by his ear, whispering something that gets an excited grin to appear on Jimin's face. He gives Yoongi one more kiss before getting up off the bed and moving to stand in front of Jeongguk. The youngest looks up at him but struggles to hold his gaze as Taehyung's hand keeps working him, the touch causing his eyes to fall shut. The familiar pressure is starting to gather in the pit of his stomach and he's surprised that he's even held on for this long. He really doesn't want it to be over yet but the pleasure of that release is hovering so close that he knows he'll give into it soon.

Just as he's thinking this Taehyung's hand leaves him and he can't help but let out a whine at the loss. God, he was so close. He's almost tempted just to reach down and finish himself off but he really craves Taehyung's touch, wants him to bring him over the edge. He's distracted pretty quickly however by Jimin leaning down and tugging his pajamas down his legs, bringing them down his thighs, his calves, before discarding them completely. His cock bobs free and he's suddenly very aware of how everyone's looking. Jimin's grin gets even wider.

"Look how hard you are," he breathes, voice dripping with an obvious want.

And then he drops to his knees and the sight alone is enough to make Jeongguk feel like he's going to pass out. God, it's too hot. He looks up at Yoongi instead and that doesn't help at all. The eldest is sitting on the edge of the other bed facing them, his hand lazily stroking his cock as he watches. He gives up and looks at the ceiling, biting down on his lip to stop a whimper escaping. He wants so badly to be touched but at the same time he knows it will be over pretty quick when he is so needs to hold off.

"Relax," Taehyung whispers against his ear. "It'll feel so good."

He's still looking up at the ceiling when he feels the first lick of Jimin's tongue, tracing a long, wet stripe along his length.

"Ah!"

It's an entirely new sensation, totally different from Taehyung's hand but so, so good. His hips jerk up involuntarily and Jimin's hands raise up to hold them down. Taehyung's hands slip under his t shirt briefly before grabbing hold off the hem and tugging it off over his head. Jeongguk barely notices, too distracted by the feel of Jimin's tongue. He does notice however when Taehyung removes his own shirt too, the feel of bare skin pressed against his back adding to how incredible this all is. One of Taehyung's hands reaches up into his hair, gently guiding his head down so that his gaze drops from the ceiling to Jimin.

"Fuck." Jeongguk's voice comes out as a strange sort of whine, the scene overwhelming him.

Jimin looks up at him and gives him a smile, soft and somewhat reassuring, before wrapping his lips entirely around Jeongguk's cock and sinking all the way down. Jeongguk's head tips back against Taehyung's shoulder and his eyes close, throat unable even to make a sound as the feeling utterly consumes him. He's never felt anything like it. Jimin's mouth is so hot and wet, the tightness around his cock so intense that his vision blurs. Taehyung's hand that's not in his hair rubs across his chest, comforting and seductive all at once.

"Watch him," Taehyung breathes against him, voice trembling a little, the scene clearly having an effect on him too. That thought alone makes everything even more intense. Jeongguk shakes his head rapidly, eyes still closed.

"I can't, I can't," he mumbles uselessly. "I'm gonna come." He feels caught between the want to have this continue for as long as possible and the urge to just give in to that wonderful release he knows is edging nearer.

"Doesn't matter," Yoongi says, the new voice bringing Jeongguk's focus back to the room. "We want you to come, Kook. We want to make you feel good."

Taehyung's hand on his head tilts it back down again and he slowly opens his eyes. It's even hotter than he thought possible, Jimin's lips sliding easily up and down his cock, pulling back slightly every so often so that Jeongguk can see the precome smearing his lips. His

hands grip tighter in the sheets. He can feel that pressure tightening, hear his breathing getting quicker and quicker. Oh god, he's so close, *so close*.

Taehyung presses his mouth to his ear, breathing hot and shaky against it. "Just let go," he encourages. "Come in his mouth."

At Taehyung's words the pressure builds too much and then he's coming, coming harder than he ever has in his life. It's pure pleasure and he feels it surge through him, spreading through every inch. A deep, guttural groan falls from his lips as Jimin takes it all, working him through his orgasm until the slide of his lips eventually becomes too sensitive and he pulls away.

Jeongguk feels like he's been hit by a brick wall. He collapses back against Taehyung's chest, his breathing still coming in fast bursts. He's in a daze, head buzzing, and a satisfied ache spreads through his limbs. He's only vaguely aware of Yoongi standing up and walking over to him, capturing his mouth in a searing kiss. He tries to kiss back as best as he can despite his exhaustion, letting him take the lead once more.

"So good," Yoongi murmurs against his lips and even in this state he gets a stab of pride at hearing how worked up he sounds. He runs his hands through Jeongguk's hair and smiles down at him before pressing one more kiss to his lips.

Taehyung carefully climbs out from behind him, helping the younger to shift his body so that he's laying down on the bed. Jeongguk's breathing is still all over the place and he tries hard to calm it down. He feels the mattress dip next to him and then Jimin's at his side, also offering a soft smile. Jimin watches him for a while, letting his breathing return a bit more to normal before leaning down and pressing their lips together.

They kiss almost chastely for a long time, before Jimin parts Jeongguk's lips with his tongue and it slips inside. Jeongguk can taste himself on Jimin's tongue and it's a dizzying thought. Jimin kisses more tenderly than the other two though it's still just as wonderful. Jeongguk sighs happily into the kiss, high on everything he's experienced this morning.

Jimin eventually pulls away, clambering over Jeongguk to lie on his other side. Jeongguk stays on his back while Jimin props himself up on one elbow, his hand drifting across Jeongguk's chest in smooth

strokes, relaxing him. Jeongguk's eyes close and he feels like he could drift off at any moment. He sinks into the darkness, into Jimin's tender caresses. He doesn't *need* to be looked after, but it is nice to be taken care of sometimes.

He's drawn out of his sleepy state by a barely suppressed whimper coming from Jimin. His eyes open. Jimin's biting down on his lower lip, looking over at the other bed. Jeongguk follows his gaze and swallows hard.

Taehyung's laying on his front, his hips slightly raised as Yoongi trails kisses along his spine. He seems to want to rock forward, to rub his cock against the covers, but one of Yoongi's hands keeps his hips lifted. Jeongguk idly notices the shine on Yoongi's finger, the liquid dripping down the back of his hand. Jeongguk's eyes widen as the finger slowly presses inside Taehyung, causing the younger man to grit his teeth and breath heavier. He hears another whimper from Jimin and feels his hand leave Jeongguk's chest to palm himself through his sweatpants. He realises that Jimin's yet to be touched, instead having focused all his attention on Yoongi and himself. His eyes don't leave the pair on the bed and he looks desperate.

"C-can I?" Jeongguk asks quietly.

He's not sure where it comes from; he just wants to repay Jimin for what he's done for him already. Jimin looks surprised and it draws his gaze away from the other two and down to Jeongguk. He looks at him intently and it's clear that he wants it, but something holds him back.

"Are you sure, Kook?" he says. "I don't want you to feel you have to do anything you don't-"

"I want to do it," Jeongguk interrupts him and yes, he does want to repay Jimin but he's also extremely curious. Just like he's never been touched before, he's never touched anyone else either. He wonders what it's like to feel someone else in his hand, to - oh god - make someone else come. "It's just, I've never done it before."

"It's okay, it's okay," Jimin mutters, the desire to be touched by Jeongguk clearly evident now. "Just take your time."

Jimin pulls off his sweatpants and then his cock is right there in front of him, all hard and glistening and ready to be touched. Jeongguk's breath catches slightly, his confidence rapidly fading. What if he's terrible at this? He seemed to be okay at the kissing but this is entirely different.

Jimin kneels up next to him and looks down at Jeongguk, noticing his hesitation. Jeongguk sits up a little. He reaches down and takes hold of one of Jeongguk's hands, covering the back of his hand with his palm and linking their fingers. He raises their joined hands and brings it to his cock, letting them wrap around it. It's sticky to the touch, covered in precome, and Jeongguk's taken aback by how hot and heavy it feels.

He's touched himself of course, countless times. It's become a pretty much daily ritual given how sexually charged he feels all the time. But this is really new. The length and ridges and everything are all very different from his own; he knows exactly where and how he likes to touch, but he is clueless about Jimin. He lets his hand be guided, a slow back and forth along the entire length at first. Jimin's eyes flutter closed momentarily at the sensation before opening again to watch the movement of their hands. There's a low moan coming from the other bed but Jimin keeps looking down, entranced by the slick slide of their hands together on his cock. He squeezes a little more every time they reach the head and Jeongguk tries to remember the move. Eventually Jimin's hand comes away and it's just left to Jeongguk to keep up the pace.

"Feels really good," Jimin says, encouraging him.

Jeongguk tries to mimic the way Jimin stroked himself, and after a while he tries to twist his wrist very slightly in the way that Taehyung did on him. It seems to work well as Jimin gasps loudly and lets out a small groan. Jeongguk is only vaguely aware that it's echoed by one from the other bed.

"Yes, Kook," he pants. "Knew you'd be a fast learner."

He grins at the younger and Jeongguk grins back. His confidence boosted, he continues what he's doing, totally infatuated by the fact that he can make his hyung feel this good. He keeps going, slowing down and speeding up his pace at different times and he thinks that giving pleasure might be just as good as receiving it.

"Can you-" Jimin starts to ask but doesn't finish his sentence, instead showing what he wants by shifting Jeongguk so that he's laying across the bed, Jimin straddling his waist. Jeongguk realises that he's been positioned so that Jimin can watch Taehyung and Yoongi as Jeongguk strokes him, and it's so debauched that Jeongguk can feel that he's starting to get hard again.

"Oh god," Jimin moans as Jeongguk resumes his pace from before, taking the new angle in his stride. He's not entirely sure what's going on on the bed behind him, but he focuses solely on Jimin. His jaw's gone slack, his gaze dropping alternately between Jeongguk and the scene on the bed. Jeongguk can hear a deep groan from the other pair, from Yoongi he thinks, and yep, he's definitely getting hard again.

"Shit, I'm close," Jimin sighs. Jeongguk nods, not really sure what he's meant to do. He just keeps his hand working his cock, the urge to make him come taking over all his senses. He hears swearing from the other bed, most definitely Taehyung this time, and Jimin looks almost pained from how close he is.

"Kook, fuck, can I come on you?" he mumbles desperately.

"Yes, yes," Jeongguk tells him eagerly.

Jimin nudges Jeongguk's hand out of the way, taking over himself and it's only two quick strokes before he's coming, his face a picture of blissful relief. His come hits Jeongguk's torso, the white standing out against his tan skin. It pools in the dip of his stomach, the lines of his chest. It's warm against him. Jimin takes a few moments to focus back on the room before looking down at Jeongguk, eyes slowly travelling over him.

"Wow," he grins. "I like this look on you."

The comment makes Jeongguk grin back and this time he's the one who pulls Jimin down into a kiss. It's an oddly sweet kiss giving the setting that they're in but it doesn't fail to get Jeongguk's stomach clenching pleurably. They break apart after a while, Jimin grabbing a top from the floor and using it to carefully clean up Jeongguk. Jeongguk offers him a small smile of thanks once he's done and he then sits up, turning around to face the other bed. Shit.

He can see why Jimin wanted to watch. Yoongi's propped up against the headboard with Taehyung in his lap. His hands rest on the younger's hips, helping to guide him as he rides Yoongi's cock. Yoongi's looking up at Taehyung, a whispered "*fuck*, Tae" falling from his lips. Taehyung's looking back down at him as he bites his lip.

"Pretty hot, right?" Jimin says against his ear, looping his arms around Jeongguk's shoulders from behind. Jeongguk just nods mutely, transfixed by the scene in front of him. He never in his wildest dreams thought he'd see his friends like this. It's beyond hot; the way they move together, moan each others names. It's turning Jeongguk on so

much and before long he's fully hard again, the familiar throb back in his cock.

"Have you ever-?" Jeongguk asks, his question obvious despite not finishing his sentence.

"Yeah," Jimin sighs pleasantly. "It's like- god, like nothing else." His voice takes on an almost dreamy quality and it makes Jeongguk's cock throb harder. He can't imagine anything being better than what he's already felt today.

"With Yoongi?" he asks.

He feels Jimin shrug. "With both of them. Usually with Tae 'cause I generally prefer giving and Tae's the opposite, but-" Jeongguk hears him swallow hard. "-it can be so good to be fucked too. Yoongi just- ah, it's just incredible."

Jeongguk's hand drops to his lap, giving in easily to the urge to touch himself, exhaling sharply as he takes hold of his cock.

"I want to try it," he breathes out.

"Yeah? Are you sure?" Jimin asks cautiously. "I mean, you've already tried a lot this morning."

Jeongguk nods with certainty. "I'm sure " he says. He wants it so badly. It's more than a want really; it's like a deep, primal need unfurling inside of him as he watches his friends.

"Okay," Jimin replies and Jeongguk's grateful that he accepts his choice without trying to dissuade him. "With anyone in particular?" He presses a soft kiss to the side of Jeongguk's neck.

"With Yoongi," he says.

It comes out without much thinking. Just like the kiss, he craves Yoongi's confidence, his control. He wants to be thoroughly taken care of by his hyung, by the one man his thoughts always return to. He watches in front of him as Yoongi moves Taehyung's hips, his own rolling up into the younger man with firm, deep thrusts.

Jimin clears his throat a little. "Yoongi-hyung? I mean he doesn't really enjoy being fucked," he explains carefully, making sure that Jeongguk gets the meaning behind it. Jeongguk gathers up all his confidence, a deep certainty coming from somewhere deep inside of

him.

"I know," he states. "I want him to fuck me."

He hears a soft whimper come from Jimin at his words and he feels that pang of pride again, loving that he can have such an effect on his hyungs.

"Okay. Okay," Jimin says, as though reassuring himself more than Jeongguk. He doesn't try to argue the point and Jeongguk's not entirely sure if it's because he knows how stubborn the younger man can be and doesn't bother, or because he'd actually quite like to watch him get fucked by Yoongi.

Jeongguk feels a slight push against his back and he realises that Jimin's trying to get him to stand up. He follows his lead, standing up and letting Jimin pull him over to the other bed. It draws glances from the other two momentarily, and he notices Taehyung's movements slow down almost to a halt. Jeongguk kneels on the bed, back to his previous state of feeling entirely clueless; he feels like this whole morning's been a rollercoaster of building in confidence before being hit fully with the weight of his inexperience once again.

Jimin walks up to stand by the head of the bed, leaning down and capturing Yoongi's mouth in a kiss, which Yoongi returns easily. He pulls back after a short while, leaning over and grabbing a small bottle that lays by Yoongi's side. He brings his mouth to Yoongi's ear.

"Think you'll be up to fucking Kookie next?" he asks teasingly.

Yoongi's eyes widen in surprise, looking first at Jimin then at Jeongguk. "Really?" he says, voice breathless.

Jeongguk nods and Jimin leans back in. "You'll take care of him, won't you, hyung?"

"Of course," Yoongi breathes shakily, Jimin nipping gently at his ear.

Yoongi's eyes don't drop from Jeongguk's and Jeongguk has to remember to breathe. Fuck, this is actually going to happen. He's terrified and excited in equal measure. He eventually breaks the gaze and sees Taehyung looking at him. He's smiling wide, an odd mixture of pride and happiness as he looks at Jeongguk, and it's so bizarre that for a moment Jeongguk feels like laughing.

He doesn't laugh, however, because the next thing he sees is Jimin

crawling onto the bed, the small bottle of what Jeongguk can only presume is lube held in his hand, and suddenly every nerve in his body feels on edge. Jimin sweeps the hair back from Jeongguk's forehead where it's sticking from the sweat of their endeavours, rubbing his other hand soothingly on his lower back.

"I'm not going to lie, this is going to be really uncomfortable. It might even hurt," he warns, his voice gentle. "If it's too much, just tell me to stop and I will, right away."

Jeongguk nods, his muscles tensing over his whole body. "I will," he assures the elder.

"On your hands and knees," Jimin prompts.

Jeongguk nods again and does as instructed, Jimin nudging him a little further up the bed so that he's nearer to the other pair. He feels almost bad for disrupting what they were doing but neither looks like they care, much more interested in what's happening with him. Taehyung's climbed out of Yoongi's lap now and is facing Jeongguk too. He hears the pop of the cap and swallows thickly. Yoongi's hand reaches up to stroke softly through Jeongguk's hair, a calming touch as he watches him.

"You look amazing," Yoongi tells him, and the compliment washes through him in a wave of contentment. Jeongguk gives him a soft smile in return.

Uncomfortable is not the word, Jeongguk thinks, when Jimin slowly starts to insert his finger. The discomfort is there, yes, but it's also an incredibly weird sensation and a sharp sting accompanies the movement. It's not as painful as he thought it might be however. He tries to keep his eyes locked on Yoongi, focus on how his fingers feel threading through his hair. Jimin moves cautiously, spending a long time just working his finger back and forth until eventually Jeongguk starts to get much more used to the feeling.

"I think- I think that's okay," Jeongguk whispers. Yoongi's hand drops down, cupping Jeongguk's jaw and brushing his thumb over his lower lip.

Jimin pulls out and Jeongguk can hear him coating up a second finger. He risks pressing a small kiss to Yoongi's thumb and it earns him a smile in return. He feels Jimin's fingers pressing against him again and oh shit, two definitely feels a lot different. The sting is much worse and when he pushes all the way in the stretch is just too

much.

"Stop, stop," Jeongguk mumbles and Jimin's hand stills immediately. "I just need to- fuck," he rambles.

He needs more time to adjust to the feeling and the others get it. Yoongi leans down and takes hold of Jeongguk's biceps, moving him to kneel up more and motioning for Taehyung to come in front. He does so, wrapping his arms around Jeongguk as the younger presses his face into his shoulder. He stays like that for a few moments, steadying his breathing. He feels Yoongi press soft kisses to his shoulder, feels Jimin's hand stroking along his spine.

"K-keep going," he eventually says.

Jimin carefully starts the movement again and he clenches his jaw, knowing that this has to get better. He remembers Jimin's words from earlier, how he spoke about how *good* it felt. He remembers the need he has, of his want to be taken by Yoongi in this way. Taehyung tilts his head up so that their lips meet, the kiss providing a now familiar and welcome distraction from the stretch.

Jimin still moves his fingers with care and the pain starts to lessen. Taehyung's tongue slides inside his mouth, kissing Jeongguk with the same care, but a deeper passion underlying it at the same time. They kiss slowly but deeply, Jeongguk breathing hard through his nose as Jimin's fingers keep working him. It finally becomes fine, the pain dissipating, and he's so glad that he chose to do this with his hyungs, knowing they'll always take their time to look after him when his confident demeanour occasionally slips.

By a certain point Jeongguk's actually starting to enjoy the sensation, pushing back a little on Jimin's fingers when he goes too softly. He starts working him more easily and Jeongguk actively seeks out more, moving his hips down to meet the slide inside. It's on one of these moves of his hips, when Jimin crooks his fingers just right, that he hits something deep inside of Jeongguk that has the youngest making a noise somewhere between a sob and a moan.

"Oh, fuck," he gasps. "A-again."

He's broken the kiss with Taehyung and the brunette smirks down at him.

"Feel good, Kookie?"

"Yes, yes," Jeongguk answers rapidly as Jimin finds that spot again.

Any thoughts of discomfort are firmly gone as Jimin works his fingers in and out of Jeongguk with expertise, Jeongguk grabbing at Taehyung's neck to pull him back into another kiss. The kiss is not as refined this time, more of the playfulness from before seeping back into it. He feels like he's maybe ready for a third finger, but Jimin's intent on working him thoroughly with two and he's fine with that. More than fine.

He feels Taehyung's cock pressing into his abdomen as they kiss, still hard from before. He feels like maybe he should reach down and take it in his hand like he did with Jimin, but in all honesty he's having trouble focusing just on the kiss, let alone on anything more. Luckily he sees Yoongi move to kneel behind Taehyung, clearly realising that Jeongguk's doing okay now. His arm slides round his waist, hand taking hold of Taehyung's cock and starting to stroke him. Taehyung moans into the kiss and it's a delicious sound.

Jimin pulls his fingers out and Jeongguk whines at the sudden emptiness but soon there are three pushing inside of him. The low burn is back again and he falters for a while at the much fuller sensation. He breaks the kiss and drops down more onto his forearms, finding it slightly easier to take at this angle. Taehyung's hand rubs reassuringly at the back of his neck. It takes a while to get used to it again and he stops pushing back onto Jimin.

He closes his eyes, adjusting to this new feeling. He can hear Taehyung's soft moans, the sound of Yoongi's hand stroking him, Jimin's breathing heavy behind him. It hits him just how insane this morning is. Insane but, he thinks, probably the one of the best mornings he's ever had in his life.

He waits it out and eventually the burn fades away to something more pleasurable. It's not as easy as before but it still feels good and after a while he's pushing back down onto Jimin's fingers, desperately trying to find that spot he hit before. He hears Jimin chuckle lowly, noticing how he's writhing his hips.

"Wanting something?" he asks, and Jeongguk can actually hear the smirk in his voice. He's past the point of caring how desperate he sounds and answers him instantly.

"Yes, want-"

He doesn't get a chance to finish his sentence because Jimin curves his

fingers up at that exact moment and hits it dead on. Jeongguk lets out a deep groan, the wave of pleasure coursing through him with an even greater intensity. He pushes back onto Jimin with increasing neediness. He hears a series of low moans coming from Taehyung and he looks up to see him leaning back against Yoongi, the latter's hand moving with increasing speed as Taehyung's eyes close in a look of total ecstasy. They look amazing, Yoongi sucking on the curve of Taehyung's shoulder as his hand moves slickly back and forth. Not for the first time today, Jeongguk is transfixed.

"You want to taste him?" Yoongi asks.

Jeongguk doesn't quite realise that Yoongi's talking to him until he looks up and their eyes lock. Taehyung looks down at him too, and the look of utter desire that floods his face at the thought makes up Jeongguk's mind for him. Not that he was in any doubt at the answer anyway. He's not sure when he became so completely debauched.

"Yes, but I can't- I'm not sure," he stutters, trying to get across the point that he has absolutely zero idea of how to suck someone's cock. Yoongi shakes his head dismissively.

"Don't worry, just sit up a bit more," Yoongi says. Jeongguk props himself up so that he's back fully on his hands and knees again. Jimin's fingers slow their pace but still move inside of him, giving him that fullness that he now craves. His face is now right in front of Taehyung's cock and it seems crazy for a moment that this is *Taehyung's* cock so close to him. But then Taehyung starts whimpering, the sounds getting closer and closer together and it's so hot that any such thoughts fade from his mind.

"Open your mouth, Jeongguk," Yoongi pants.

Jeongguk does as he's told and he sees Taehyung look down at him again, his expression making it obvious how completely overwhelmed by the sight he is. His hand rests lightly in Jeongguk's hair. Yoongi strokes him firmly a few more times and Jeongguk sees the muscles of his stomach go taut before Taehyung moans loudly, his fingers gripping into the strands of Jeongguk's hair. The next thing he knows he tastes a bitter saltiness hit his tongue, the warm liquid sliding down his throat. He keeps his mouth open, taking all that he can, before swallowing.

The taste isn't exactly pleasant but it's more the thought of what it is, how intimate the act is, that turns Jeongguk on even more. It's not

something that ever particularly cropped up in his fantasies before but he's pretty sure it will be in them now. He looks up at the pair.

Taehyung's face is completely stunned, seeming a little shocked from the orgasm that's just hit him. He smiles down at Jeongguk dazedly. Yoongi however is looking down at him with an obvious want, biting down on his lip as his eyes darken just like they did when Jeongguk begged for him to kiss him earlier.

"God, Kookie, so fucking hot," Jimin says behind him, laughing in astonishment.

Yoongi carefully slides out from behind Taehyung, wiping his hand on the covers. Taehyung crawls over to Jeongguk's side, his unsettled breathing loud in the room. He can still hear the rain against the window and it seems crazy that the world is still going on like normal outside. Jimin's fingers move slow inside him. It's just Yoongi in front of him now, stroking his own cock at the same pace. He's looking at Jeongguk like he's never wanted anything more and shit, Jeongguk needs Yoongi inside him right now.

"I- I think I'm ready," Jeongguk whispers.

"Are you sure?" Jimin asks one last time and Jeongguk nods.

He feels Jimin's fingers slide out of him, leaving him with an aching emptiness. He goes to sit back down on the bed but Taehyung stills him with a hand on the small of his back.

"It's better to do it like this your first time," he explains. "It doesn't hurt so much."

Jeongguk goes to protest. Come on, he was just entirely fine with Jimin's fingers and he'd really like to be able to see Yoongi. He thinks they're trying to play it too safe but decides to keep the backchat to a minimum. They've really looked after him so far and giving them attitude probably isn't a wise move. He just nods in response. Yoongi leans down and kisses him deeply, the slide of their tongues together almost making Jeongguk want to just keep on kissing instead. Almost.

"If you don't like it, just tell me to stop," Yoongi murmurs against his lips before drawing him back into one more kiss.

Yoongi finally gets up and walks around to the end of the bed. He feels the mattress dip behind him and he tenses a little on instinct, not being able to see what Yoongi's doing.

"Do you want me to use a condom?" he hears Yoongi ask. "I mean, we're all clean but it's entirely up to you."

"No," Jeongguk tells him. "Want to feel you."

He hears Yoongi inhale sharply at his words. "Okay. Whatever you want." Jeongguk can hear the slight tremble in his voice, unable to mask the desire, and it turns him on immensely to know that Yoongi wants this as much as he does.

He feels the mattress move again and then Jimin comes into his line of vision, pressing a soft kiss to his lips before sitting back against the headboard. There's a kiss to his cheek too, this time from Taehyung who sits just to the side of him. Honestly, this is definitely not the way he ever imagined his first time to be, but he's so glad that it is. He hears the click of the bottle again and then suddenly Yoongi's there, pressing against him.

Yoongi's hands come to rest on his hips, holding firmly. His thumb strokes lightly and then he's very slowly pushing inside. Shit, shit, *shit*. His cockiness is thoroughly gone; this is much more than just the fingers. He grits his teeth as Yoongi inches inside of him, the burn returning with force. He tries to relax but all he can focus on is how much more of a stretch this is.

"Are you okay?" Jimin asks; discomfort must be evident on his face.

He nods firmly, not quite trusting himself to speak and keeping his jaw tightly clenched. Yoongi keeps pushing in until finally he stills, apparently completely buried inside the younger. Jeongguk can hear Yoongi's breathing which is just as erratic as his own. They stay like that for a while, allowing Jeongguk to get used to this new level of fullness.

"You can move," Jeongguk eventually tells him when he feels ready.

He feels every tiny movement as Yoongi pulls out slightly before sliding slowly back in all the way. It's still painful but after Yoongi repeats the action a few more times the pain changes from a sharp sting into more of a dull ache. He moves slowly inside Jeongguk, not pushing him too much. Yoongi's breathing is laboured and Jeongguk feels like he's probably trying to hold back from going harder, a thought that sends a thrill of excitement through him.

"Fuck, you're so tight," Yoongi breathes out. His voice sounds utterly consumed with desire. Jeongguk finds it unbelievably hot.

He looks over to the side of him to find Taehyung watching them, that same dazed expression on his face. He catches Jeongguk looking and leans down, drawing him into slow, easy kiss, tongues moving languidly together. Once again Taehyung's kisses help to distract from the dullness that throbs inside of him, until eventually the ache from the fullness turns from something verging on painful to something much more pleasurable. He starts to push back onto Yoongi and he feels the hands on his hips tighten their grip.

This time when Yoongi pulls back he pushes in slowly again, but somewhat harder. The ache becomes more and more pleasurable as he does it again, Yoongi's cock sliding deep inside him on each thrust. Jeongguk gasps at the feeling, breaking the kiss. Taehyung smiles down at him before crawling over to join Jimin sitting by the headboard. Jeongguk only half focuses on the way Taehyung presses his lips to Jimin's, the two of them soon kissing passionately. Jeongguk's focus is more centred on the way Yoongi's cock glides into him, the motion far easier now. It feels good, really good, and he makes sure to say so.

"Feels amazing, hyung," he sighs.

The words seem to have an effect on Yoongi and he drives himself somehow deeper into Jeongguk. Jeongguk moans at the feeling, letting himself be overwhelmed by the sensations as Yoongi fucks him, slow and hard and god, so deep. Yoongi tilts his hips a little, changing the angle slightly, and on the next thrust he hits that spot inside Jeongguk that has his vision blurring.

"Oh god," Jeongguk groans, immediately pushing back onto Yoongi.

"Feel good?" Yoongi asks, even though the answer is quite clear.

"So good, so good," he moans in response.

Yoongi slides into him hard again, hitting the same spot and it's almost too much. The pleasure is so intense that he can't keep himself from moaning again. He never thought he'd be particularly loud during sex given how quiet he is when touching himself in private, but fuck, he just can't hold it back. Yoongi doesn't seem to mind however; in fact he seems to quite enjoy it by the way his breath stutters whenever Jeongguk makes noise.

"Fuck."

Jeongguk hears it muttered by Jimin and looks over at him. He's

watching them intently, eyes clouded with lust as Taehyung's mouth works at a spot on his neck. They look so good together and Yoongi feels so good inside him and it's all too amazing. He can hear a low groan from Yoongi and he wants so badly to see him.

"Can we- wanna see you" he says nonsensically and he's not sure if Yoongi gets what he's asking.

His answer comes in the form of Yoongi pulling out of him and turning him over so that Jeongguk's on his back. Jeongguk takes the moment to properly drink in the view above him. There's a thin sheen of sweat on Yoongi's face, some strands of his hair sticking to his forehead. His lips are redder than usual from the kissing and from how he keeps biting down on them. His eyes are dark, pupils wide as his gaze travels over Jeongguk's face. He's looking at him with so much want yet so much affection too, and there's a vulnerability there that Jeongguk rarely gets to glimpse in the elder. It makes him breathless. He wonders what Yoongi sees as he looks at him, how he looks right now after this morning of incredible firsts.

Yoongi leans down and closes the gap between them, their mouths meeting in a slow, sensual kiss that sets his nerves alight. They get lost in it, in the smooth glide of their tongues together, and Jeongguk's not sure how long they've been kissing for when Yoongi pulls away. He lets Yoongi position him, pushing one leg so that his knee is bent and hooking his arm under his thigh on the other.

It feels different when he slides in this time, the fullness a little more obvious, but it still feels good. Yoongi continues as before, fucking him with long, deep thrusts, and it doesn't take long until he's going harder again, rolling his hips in just the right way to hit where Jeongguk needs it most. His mouth kisses along Jeongguk's neck, biting down very gently every so often. Jeongguk's arms slide to wrap around Yoongi's back.

"You feel incredible," Yoongi whispers into his neck.

He pushes back against Yoongi, helping him to keep going so deep inside him. Yoongi groans deeply against him and Jeongguk holds tighter onto his back. He feels completely surrounded by Yoongi and he sinks into it, into how Yoongi fucks him so well. He never would have expected for Yoongi to be his first but he's so happy he is. Jeongguk moans and gasps beneath the older man, overtaken by how Yoongi is making him feel. He almost forgets that there are more people in the room, his experience narrowed down to just him and

Yoongi.

He tilts his head back to look, the image upside down as he sees Jimin and Taehyung caught up in another intense kiss, hands roaming desperately over chests and backs. He groans at the sight, at Yoongi moving inside him. Yoongi lifts his head up to draw him back into another kiss. It causes him to shift and the new angle gets him hitting that spot with even more force. He moans loudly, the sound muffled by the kiss.

"Yoongi, *fuck*," he says, sounding on the verge of a sob at the intensity.

Yoongi keeps going, his thrusts becoming a bit faster now, making it impossible to keep kissing. Jeongguk groans and shudders as pleasure pulses through him with every roll of Yoongi's hips. He senses a tightening starting deep inside him, growing more and more obvious as Yoongi fucks him.

"Are you close?" Yoongi asks, the words spoken against his shoulder.

Jeongguk manages to choke out a strained "yes", the tightening feeling getting more intense. It feels deeper than usual but it's still recognisable, and Jeongguk is dying to give into it, craving, *needing*, the release it promises to bring.

"Yoongi, please, please," he mumbles.

He feels the mattress dipping again. Yoongi leans his chest back as his hips keep moving. The space it creates allows for Jimin to lean down and bring their lips together, his tongue slipping inside Jeongguk's mouth. At the same time he feels long fingers that he now recognises as Taehyung's wrap around his cock, stroking him to match the pace of Yoongi's thrusts.

Oh god, oh *fuck*, it's too much, every part of him entirely overwhelmed by the others. He struggles to continue the kiss with Jimin and his head drops back onto the mattress, eyes closing and stomach tensing as he lets his orgasm finally rip through him. The pleasure is more intense than anything he's ever experienced, spreading to every inch of his body. Taehyung's hand keeps moving and Yoongi still slides deep inside him, prolonging the feeling, the sensation so overwhelmingly good that it's almost unbearable.

He's only vaguely aware of what's going on for a few moments afterwards. He feels the warmth of his come pooling across his chest, the continued thrusts of Yoongi into him, the stroke of someone's hand

through his hair. He opens his eyes blearily and he's glad that he does. Yoongi rolls his hips one more time and then he's coming deep inside Jeongguk, and the look on his face as he does so is one that Jeongguk knows will be imprinted on his mind for a long time.

Yoongi very carefully pulls out and Jeongguk winces a little, a slight soreness settling in in place of Yoongi. The eldest collapses back onto the bed, sprawled across it sideways. He's breathing heavily and Jeongguk watches as Taehyung kisses him gently, a calming touch of the lips rather than anything more. Jimin shuffles down so that he's laying on his side next to Jeongguk, offering him a similarly tender kiss.

"Oh my god," is all Jeongguk can say because really, how can he sum up just how amazing this has been? Jimin laughs and kisses him again.

Jeongguk lets his eyes fall closed again, sinking in to the exhaustion that flows into his limbs. He knows he needs to clean himself up and that he should probably get dressed soon. He has no idea how much longer Hoseok might be out, or whether Namjoon may return early from the studio, or if Seokjin-

"Shit, Seokjin!" he exclaims, sitting bolt upright.

He can account for the other pair's absence, but he doesn't recall Seokjin being out of the house. Oh god, is he in his room still, listening to what they've been doing? What will he think of them?

"Huh?" Taehyung says sleepily as though he'd almost been drifting off.

"What, the three of us not enough for you?" Jimin grins playfully.

"Where is he?" Jeongguk asks. "Is he still here?"

"Relax, he ended up going out with Hobi," Jimin assures him. "We made sure that everyone was out."

"Well, apart from certain people you were adamant were at vocal practice," Yoongi points out from where he's still laying down and Taehyung laughs.

"Well I think we can all agree that Kookie has been a welcome addition this morning, even if, er, an unexpected one," Jimin protests.

"Not disagreeing with that," Yoongi says, propping himself up on his

elbows and giving Jeongguk a soft smile which he returns easily.

"Think you'd like to be a permanent addition?" Taehyung asks.

"Fuck yes," Jeongguk replies quickly, smile morphing into a grin.

Taehyung grins back and Jimin kisses his cheek lightly. He's not entirely sure how this whole situation works in the longer term but he's excited to find out.

The loud slam of the front door shakes them suddenly out of their cosy chat. They share an almost comical look of panic between the four of them, all of them standing up and quickly gathering their clothes.

"Eldest first in the shower," Yoongi declares and makes a dash to leave the room, stopping only briefly to press a quick kiss to Jeongguk's lips that makes him smile wider.

"Oh man, my shirt." Taehyung's looking down glumly at the shirt he's wearing, which unfortunately appears to be the one Jimin used to clean up Jeongguk. They all share a grin.

Jeongguk's happy beyond belief that things don't appear to be awkward between them after all of the things that have happened this morning. He's happy to know that this won't be the only time either, that there's more fun ahead.

"Clean yourself up, you're a mess," Jimin laughs as a shirt hits Jeongguk in the face, making him laugh too.

He can't wait.

End Notes

So I meant this to be a short little one shot and it got massively out of hand. This is my first time writing anything smutty with more than two people involved so I hope it was okay and that you enjoyed reading!

As always, any comments are hugely enjoyed and appreciated <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!